

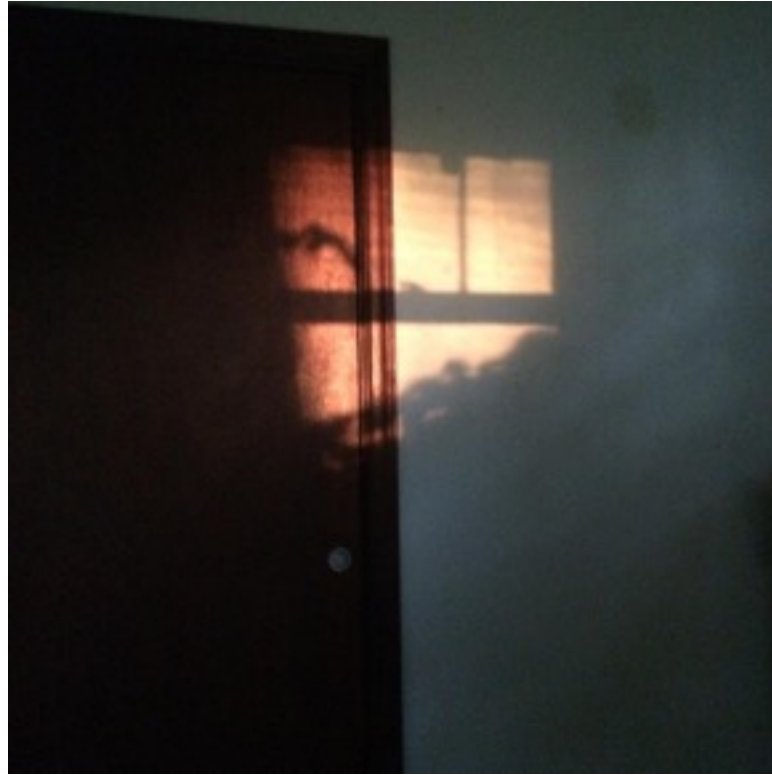
The Band of Solace



By Garrett Johnson
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~I Christen You~



*Listen to me as I guide my hand
and touch the skin of your back
which has nodes I don't know of-
listen to my voice as it tries to reconcile the fact of this
with the fact of your presence,
and shall we drink
from a broken cup, the kind
that sits between each and each
and all and all?*

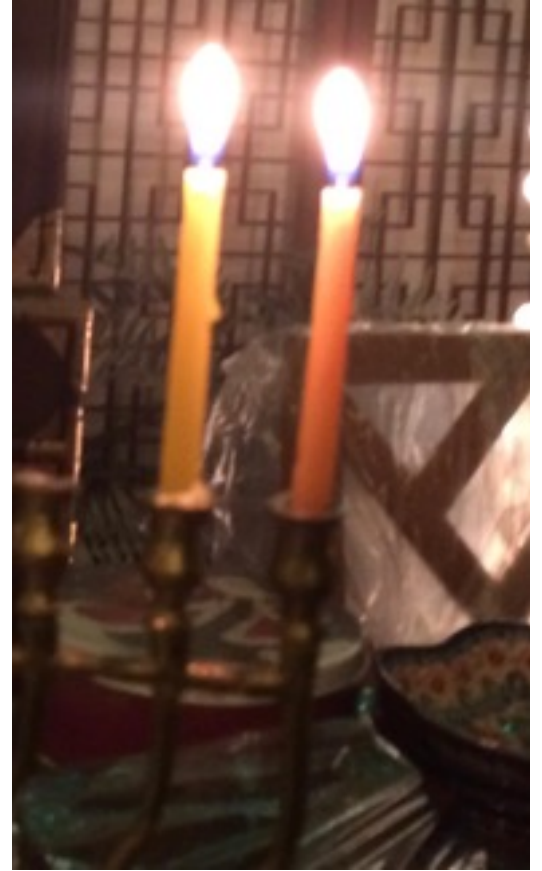
*I prod, I revise, I rest
in the trees, the spaces between
and in knowing that the the spaces obscure
something distinct,*

*I pray, I must remember this
as I cart my being into the ether
through silent words-*

*unassuming
but not dull. A kiss
begins a rapture or punctuates
the rhythm of silence,
and so it is what I would choose to do,
the concealment that stands proud in labor
or sleep- no way of knowing
the meaning you see
in my lips pressed to you,
just the insistence that
translation will happen
regardless. The sacred knees
are sacred trees, touching or not
touching. The air arches in the space between-*

*case by case, it differs.
I speak words of ease,
only to buttress the thrownness
of your heart. Indistinct warmth
whether it means a lick or not.
Humid air surrounds the visitations,*

*nothing seems calculated. But in your form
I will fasten myself to an unruly devotion,
loosening everything,
and realizing the thread
forever unwinds.
The Holy of Holies stays
even if its echo is fleeting.*



~Embodiment~

"I am in the orbit of you,"
I do say under the heaviness of wish,
dampened in-the-body-ness
that probably doesn't move,
wish under the canopy
mouthed in secret,
or slipped through dark
just to push space along

the factory of this cave,
spruce of the thrust,
fallen trees in the center,
and sores to go with it-
but here is my evenness.
My waist is the finest point
under glass, if I could make it
believe its self-containment,
like the millions of waists
that make me quicken,

under the weight
of wish, past reverie
in the making, learning
to love my junk,
powerless in the roughened
cast, my glow inert,
the only way is into the vault.

I learned to love my asshole,
a door, stankhouse and forcefield.

I reach the outer-rim



*and like life that is what's best.
It's without telos,
takes its own meat hostage,
a passageway.*

*Can't we know that the contents
of our lives are sometimes predigested,
uniform shadow, edged rough,
best left flushed,
like a cock, like cheeks
embarrassed or flattered?*

*I can't touch that which emits the odor
but I can feel its power of being a space within.*

*Echoes fall in the trees,
stubborn swelling,
heart vigilant.*



~Woven and Pinned~

*Underneath the rugged ceiling,
take me under or over,
the blessing woven into breaths,
take the care of whistling bells-*

*the world yields to the surface
of damp interiors-
all that is drowned is raised.
Everything is inflated now*

*and that can't be good.
The fabric of our shirts
is not new or excessive
as we heat each other*

*in the open corner.
Finger my ass
and rub my balls
and tickle my perineum*

*as I lay here without filter,
without moisture.
Listen to the absence
of ways to describe the crash*

or the harvest that we don't want.



~Title Unknown~

*What to call myself-
it's like following a lane,
guided by a hand in the ether*

*a humor, as in a humor in the body,
the soul, good humor- what makes this
as such? All the vibrant company*

*that walks the streets now,
mortification only as a kink, or would propose
it as such, letting the humors radiate.
I hold onto the railing-*

*I don't look the part so this growing group
may even be wary of me, or indifferent.
I am not in the wrong body-*

*it's just that most of us
have not made the body
right- not a matter of leanness,*

*more a matter of this undulating set
of ripples, pleasure- the heavens are exalted-
jouissance congregated where it usually does*

*but my hands roaming more. No need
to call myself something- but the world
is growing hotter. The world is so illustrious*

*in its foreboding. The heat increases day by day
and who am I to say*



I've made a dent in this call to discipline-

can't hammer- it won't do anything.

I found a space inside of me-

then I settled into my bones again-

now I walk the line

between home and host.



~Awake~

My map. Like a scarred piece of flesh, it is the surface of the truce between wish and surrender. I think about my times when I was entering my teen years, in that nest of a luxury hotel room, when the drawbridge would rhythmically be elevated and lowered. There were time frames when the transit could happen, and time frames when there would be a wait. But this is not drawn on a map.

It was the waiting, the naked body, with new curls, and the erection occurring rhythmically. I would still feel guilty even after being consoled that previous year, because I would start to rub myself until I almost could relieve myself. For fear of mess, for fear of the next moment, I would hold it in at first. The stream would commence in strange clouds, and I had been geared up for that moment by picturing the lithe and forbidden. I thought of things that I feel are just remnants of either caricatured peninsulas or a great ember of the oblong.

I rubbed in circles like someone would do if they have a clitoris. I could not believe things were changing. I never felt I was to interact with any of this. My mind, fixated on climax. Just another session. I'm always missing the point- to meet the style with another cue. But the beast of my brash insistence is the single minded bend. Just my whole hand now, drumming up through a valued set of strokes some kind of emergence. The beast of my single hand. I have put it in a toy and realized just how lovely a command thrust could be. I want the best of insistence, but still cannot find the missing piece that lets me savor a new moment. I thrust my pelvis, I rotate it as if there were a weight upon it. The dear form of appetite and obedience. I am needing the sanctuary of this sand.

My belly juts forth as I suck in the space above the base. I want to release myself, I want to race into the distance and the awe of still finding the sky. My lips are tightly sealed and my breath is a little bit forcefully strained. It is like the performance of dance. I stretch my legs and bring them together, pounding at my anomaly. The best of me is swimming through the aversion to environment. Ideas filter, even driven by ego. The spasms begin and they dodge the factory. They are tempos and hints. And as it filters through the canals, the meter passes into the collision of stark imbalances. Meeting the scent of stamina, a great surrender begins to unfold, and the anomaly of the organ meets the anomaly of a brash rupture. A balance is met, between the dark and the vertical.

And then all becomes sullen, or even hilly. Something is rescued, although it is coated in a feeling that is probably mediated by cultured boundaries. Rest, the down time, a serenity that runs laps after having been in a body that has done the same thing. Basking in the remnant of day. I never let go of this, but I could never grab onto shared ecstasy. I never want to show development to other people. It is the strangest of my afflictions.

But you cannot expose reality as a drawbridge, but an ocean, and the gravel is only swelling to go along with the massive trick, not to test us. We have paved over the land. The water is surrounding the bridge. May we swim instead of waiting?



~Still Point~

When I cum
the static clings to nothing

when I cum
diagonal tilt becomes normal

when I cum
the course hits its apex

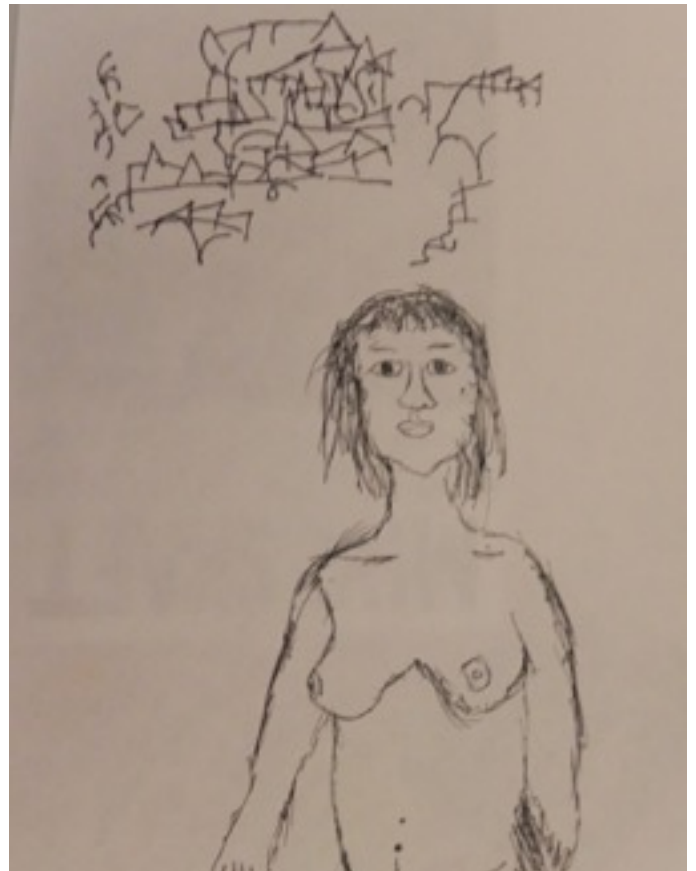
like it does for the next person

a tent born from avarice
but dissolving itself in the spatial
temple, more or less a private incantation,

Shekinah born in a wail.
I moan just so I can breathe,
and leave a mess

in the underwear that already smells
of my sweaty ass. Darkened in the tomb
but born in loose constraints,
I am numb but still aching
to be fucked. My hardness
is a mountain in secret walls,
taken into the quiet affirmation-

that it will be among me
for the time being.



~The Driving Forces~

He came,
he moaned,

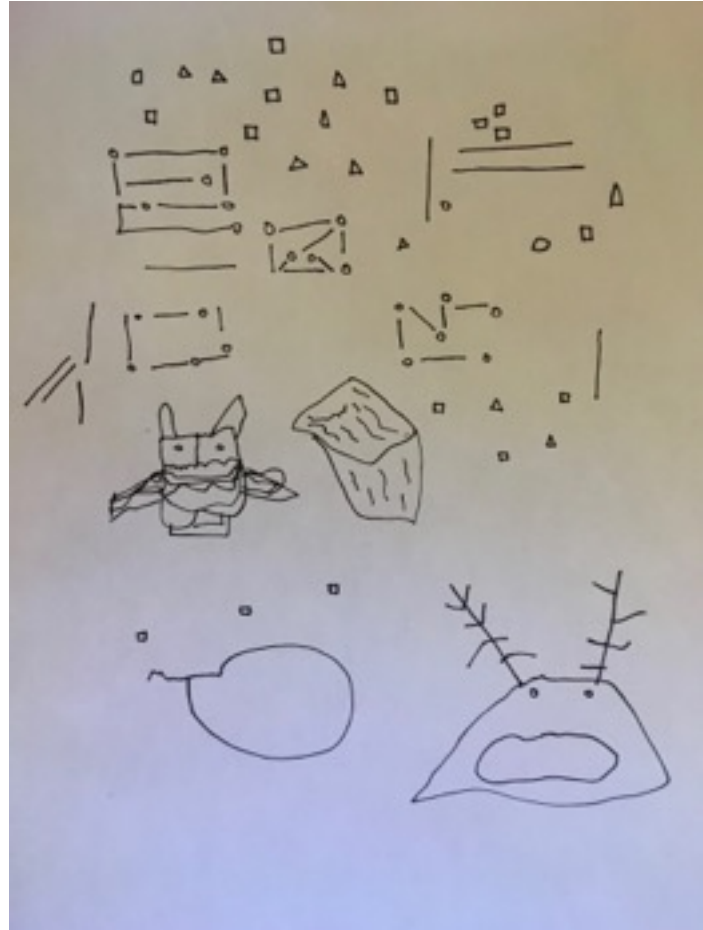
and he was still a he.

Is masculinity defined by adhesion?
I feel good and then I feel
okay in this shirt, these pants, solid,
unharméd person;

can't say I ever wanted muscle.
I feel like a man's man would call me
pathetic if I was seen curled up,
fetal position, engrossed in the depths
of time, nursing the piercing immediacy,
afraid to move.

I savor things and that is not a crime. My stomach and thighs
are not irrelevant if I want to cum. But what does this mean
in the street, all the recognition carved around respect-
humanity supposed to be recognized by default
with sir and ma'am; to refute would be like year round
"I don't celebrate Christmas."

Basically my being has always reverberated
and I feel like I am a man or a woman in contrast
to whatever presence pierces me, and
knowing this I make peace with the she and he
that are shades, now that I know
that these are deep roots,
the basement or God expressed



in the lower worlds.

*The reason I say this
is to find a hand
in time, in the fluctuations
of population.*

*The airport has several concourses,
and many gates. You don't have to understand,
you just have to see, to breathe.*



~Nowness~

*And we've reached the point
on these clods, moving through the clouds
where we no longer reach into the memory of triumph,
the fountain of what could have been-*

*a light shines, dubious and confounding,
and the ground is leveled differently.
The drinking gourd whistles,
baritone but resonant.*

*Bodies resume, phrases like tin cans,
each day crawling underneath the sun-
the subjectivity is tabled, masks chiseled
to look like a face, "you'd eat a stranger's ass*

*but can't deal with pubes," burning paper
on the silent sea. We will look upon this as such
an oyster of a time, if we are not in an equal oyster,
if we are in a time at all.*

*All of the lights to resuscitate me,
the band of clear morning
in this still temple, where the fossils vibrate
in incantations, arms forever extended*

into the chamber of steeped contact.

~Fluid~

My skin is not smooth
like your's,
my hair in locks but not in excess.
I could think of you as another
or I could think of you as a self,
or a self desired.

The stars have names
and that's what keeps me from speaking.
I cannot tell
if I am an exiled person,
peering into the window-
or if some quality of another type
has always dwelt in me-
cradled not on
but in my lap.

I long for something
that does not elude me-
but my Alter, my You,
is what keeps me at the
spot where I remain.
It is not only that-
the One who is
above these surfaces-
I hear from above
that I am already in the space
I need to be.

My lap
contains force



and it does not matter
if it is not the same
as the carrier-
anchored in me
is something that could be.

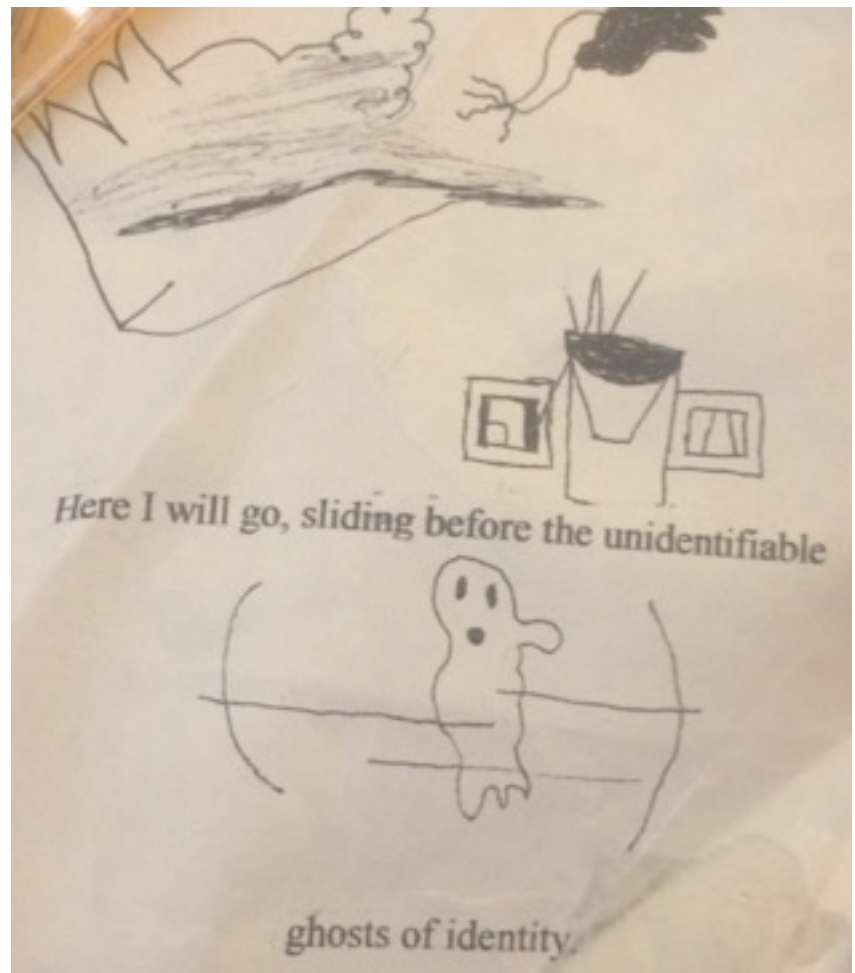
I do not know
what names me
as bodies
are said
to no longer name us.
I inhale enough
and eat without shame
and like the machinery
that plugs us in,
the body lubricates itself.

We can never be inside
and we can never be outside-
and no matter how much of a crest
I fall into,
the life is always in the rest,
the work is always in the return.
Can this be a blight
as I stand in a watchful doorway,
as I like to call it?
I am using my body
to be unto itself
as it hasn't quite before-
the smoother my torso is-
the lovelier even my own hands
feel, gliding across.
I stand far away,
facing the words between the words,



not ready for the noise
that lurks if I don't know
how I got to be this way.

There is a thread-like softness
that I need,
along with the boulder
I became
when I discovered I could draw honey
from a rock.
And the stirrups
that are needed to bring
so many things through the world-
they are not to be assigned
if no one can claim the same essence.
The years spiral
and I hold this feeling-
filling and emptying myself
in different ways-
a new kind of texture
that holds fast against
the storied burdens-
stigmas that never touch
a holy shore.
I fight and perhaps it is first for myself-
looking at the ground
but willing to be open
if this vessel permits.
I see in you a beauty that
may be contained in my flesh,
not just what builds me up,
what gives me bliss-
but what
gives me breath.





Garrett Johnson

I used to think my art was not relevant because I was a college dropout who wasn't working or f@&\$ing, but then I worked some grueling jobs, turned gay for myself, and now I'm withdrawing from my classes. Full circle and then some! Almost everything I've made since 2012 is gold to me now.

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